THE VVORLDS RIDDLE, AND THE SAINTS BLISSE.

Sold by *Thomas Faucet*, in the *Black-fryers*. 1641.

The praiſe alone of beauties faire
Hath him at all command,
His throne alone (ſurrounded) is
With honours higheſt praiſe.
If you will know his name, he is call'd
The Ancient of dayes;
Who is the ſtocke and root of good,
Where ſweetneſſe loſeth meaſure,
The height and depth of glories great,
Makes up his exhauſt treaſure,
Who lived before to give him breath,
Who gave to him his ſpring,
Shall any force him from his throne,
And there ſit downe and ſing?
Did any fill his heart with joy?
If ſo, ſhew forth his Name,
If not, then looke upon his face,
That you may ſpred his fame:
If happineſſe you doe purſue,
If pleaſure be your aime,
If all things ſweet you meane to meet,
And ſo make ſure of game,
If worlds of honour you would have,
If crownes be your delight,
Or if you love to pleaſe your eye,
In any lovely ſight,
If you on ſubſtance love to ſtand,
When comes a ſtormy houre,
Or when the darts of death are throwne,
Y'would hide you in a Tower,
Then flie into his boſome faire,
Where beauties all doe meet,

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And

And when thou entrest in that place,
With ſmiles they will thee greet,
Each glory ſhewes a pleaſant face,
Thou canſt them not withſtand;
They will allure and make thee ſure
To be at their command,
Such Muſicke ſweetneſſe thou wilt finde
Which will thee force to ſtay,
The voyce of prailes will thee charme,
And bid thee come away;
And dwell for ever in this light,
Where Myſteries are made knowne:
Then whatſoever thou underſtandſt
Doth ſure become thine owne,
If there thou findeſt Wiſdomes ſeat,
And ſearcheſt out her ſpring,
The ſtreames of glory ſhe brings forth,
Will crowne thee as a King,
Who knoweth what power, what force ſhe hath?
None yet withſtood her arme,
Who ever fled into her bower,
And by it purchaſed harme;
How ſafe are all that lye downe there,
Though claps of thunder flie,
And though the cloudes with darkneſſe thicke,
Over the world doe lie?
If Princes rage and at thee ſwell,
They ſpend their breath in vaine.
If ſnares they lay, the moſt they get
Is labour for their paine.
Thou ſtand'ſt upon a mighty rocke,
Thy building ſure is high.

Though dangers were like armies strong,
They cannot thee come nigh,
Oh if you would be truely blest,
And never know no griefe:
Then dwell amongst those streames of joyes,
Which each saith I am chiefe.
There's roome enough, thy thoughts may play,
Thy game will still thee please,
All bonds by Lawate there cut off,
Thy worke it is thy ease,
The heigth, the depth, the length, the breadth,
I am alone can finde,
He knowes it all, and by this light
Refresheth still his minde:
All things in him desired are,
And all maintaine desires,
Loves still doth rest within his brest,
And kindles holy fires,
Who ever saw (and loved him not)
The beauties of his face,
And if those beames on them did smile,
They cloathed were with grace
And then like Princes they did stand,
Most comely in his sight,
Their lovely lookes doth him perswade,
In them to take delight.
And if in such he takes content,
Which are but as a land
From whence the Crop is cut away,
And some few eares doth stand,
What rest, what joy, what high solace,
Hath he in fulnesse store,

Where treasures are with such increase,
He cannot aske for more:
And these he sets before his view,
For ever to be seene;
In all his dayes there's no decayes,
Each thing is new and greene:
The life he lives is called love,
And doth his fill enjoy.
He walkes along in pathes most sweet,
Where none can him annoy:
Security it is the rocke
Upon the which he stands,
And fierce in triumph doth he reign,
And bindes all others hands;
His crowne is this, he knowes his strength,
The armies of his power,
Are quickly gathered into one,
And ready at an houre;
He knowes his enemies where they lie,
Their scowts and all their friends,
Their plots doth make him melody,
By these he sees them plaine.
He workes and none molesteth him,
But forthwith gives him way,
His praise his enemies brings to light
In that though they say nay:
Who would not lie within his brest,
His counsels for to know,
And see how powers doth there combine,
His foes to overthrow:
If there thou stay, thou sure shalt see
The Godhead round him flow;

Each glory with it's soverall light,
Makes up a lovely show:
These excellencies all doe say,
We will stand thee in stead,
Himselfe these excellencies are
To helpe him at his need;
Life is the chiefest of his strength,
Love joynes it selfe to either,
There truth and holinesse are met
And mingle both together.
Light comprehendeth all the Sunne,
And for all maketh way,
That so eternity may seeme,
But as one pleasant day,
In which his beauties are displaid,
By peeces at his pleasure:
And so the Godhead shewes it selfe,
Quite boundlesse in it's measure.
'Tis that which comprehendeth all,
To it all's but a story;
And like a Prologue maketh way,
That it may shew forth glory;
All creatures of it speaketh praise,
And sings a pleasant song,
We dy and vanish quite away
That so truth may be strong.
Of this all Angels speaketh high,
And ownes no other talke,
Their feet are strong to run a race,
In this most spacious walke,
Their names, their natures all they are,
This Mystery maintaines,

If this were done their life were gone,
Their pleasures turn'd to paines,
They never speake of any power,
But in Jehovacs name,
They are glad to hide them in his Tower,
To keepe themselves from shame:
O let none grope in darknesse thicke,
To finde a pleasant way,
Lest cloudes put out his glimmering light,
And so he goe astray,
The creatures all they are as vayles,
Through which few men can see,
Most aime to catch their gaudy shewes,
And misse felicity,
But if the mystery opened were,
Some light there would appeare,
Then restlesse should we be untill
We clime a higher speare,
Where as the fountaine of all blisse,
Eternally doth flow,
And from those springs refreshment runnes,
To all that thither goe.
What mighty seas of joy is there?
One wave another takes,
Thus we are borne, and tydes of love
And sorrowes us forsakes.
All spots and staines are wash'd away,
Full faire are we and bright,
That so the King of glories great,
In us may take delight.
When we are deckt with such a dresse,
As suites with him full well,

Then comes he to his Princely ſeat,
Reſolving there to dwell,
The Throne he is, and is heaven call'd
Where he doth rule with might:
This heaven is his beauties eare,
Each in his fulleſt light.
Another dwelling place hath he,
Which he his Temple ſtiles,
And there full oft in glory walkes,
Rejoycing it with ſmiles.
If thou but in his loweſt ſeat
His countenance doſt ſee,
Thou ſhalt at length his throne ſurmount,
Where honoured thou ſhalt be;
The firſt and laſt that ever was,
Or evermore ſhall be,
Will on thee ſet immortall crownes
In ſigne of victory,
Where thou ſhalt ſing new ſongs of love,
For ever and for aye:
Where time's loſt in eternity
That everlaſting day.
And thus the God of gods will ſay,
My childe all is thine owne,
Theſe pleaſures ſweet, theſe glories great,
This high and kingly throne:
Here ſit thee downe devolve thy ſelfe,
With honours higheſt fame,
To make thee equall in delights,
I'le clothe thee with my Name,
In fulleſt glory ſpread thy ſelfe,
Here's roome for thee to lie,

Thy heart, thy thoughts, and all thou art,
Is in infinity.
The more thou look'ſt, the more thou mayeſt
Still love to looke upon,
And looke to love and ever gaze
Upon this King alone.
This is the ſong thou ſtill wilt ſing,
I am hath ſet me free,
And now I walke as ſet at large,
In midſt of liberty.
Sorrowes below me have their ſeat,
Griefes cannot me come nigh,
The dreadfull pangs of death are paſt,
I owne no miſery.
As women joy when after paine,
They ſee their iſſue come,
And through thoſe joyes their paines forget,
As if they nere had none;
So I forget all things that's old,
I wholly there eſchew,
And now addreſſe my ſelfe to joy,
In things moſt faire and new.

HAppineſſe conveyed by Jeſus Chriſt,
When death came on by *Adams* loſſe,
Our danger might we ſee,
The preſence of new joyes were gone,
Men left in miſery.
Thoſe beames of light which was our ſtrength,
Were vaniſht quite away,
The frame and face of all things then,
Muſt periſh and decay.

Alas

Alas poore man thou art undone,
Who shall thy losse restore,
And quit thee out of slavish bands,
And cure thee of thy sore?
Must death be still a tyrant strong,
And rule thee at his pleasure,
Or by his many poysoned darts,
Torment thee without measure.
Where is thy strength, looke round about,
Will none thee now deliver?
Is there no King with death to meet,
Well furnisht with a quiver?
With many arrowes sharpe and keene,
To sting death to the heart,
And so to make his powers fall,
And ease thee of thy smart?
If one there be, declare his name,
Let all men know his power,
And see the strength of his right armes,
That ras'd downe hath deaths tower,
That so to him we praises may,
For ever sing alowd,
And in his bower finde a place,
Our selves in him to shrowd,
He is call'd by name the Sonne of God,
God in his rich aray,
With all his fulnesse shining bright,
And costly garments gay,
When light first shined in his breast,
This Sonne then did he see,
The glory of his loveliness,
He counts his Sonne to be.

By light of this Sonne he generates,
He ſtands ſtill in his ſight,
And by the ſpirit of life and love,
He yeelds to him his right;
Which is to owne him as his joy,
The fountaine of his pleaſure,
Where all his glories are envolv'd,
A Magazin of treaſure,
By him he frameth all his thoughts,
And comes to underſtand
How all deſignes may come to light,
And proſper in his hand.
In him before time did begin,
He ſaw a goodly ſpace,
The length is call'd eternity,
In which he runnes his race,
And in all ages ſhewes himſelfe,
As beſt becomes his Grace;
That ſo the wiſe in myſtery,
At length may know his face;
In him he walk'd by pleaſant thoughts,
Throughout the world ſo wide,
And though no world was t'd be found,
Yet Saints he there eſpi'd.
In him the childrens lives were wrapt,
A place of ſureſt ſtay,
That them he might know where to finde,
Upon their happy day,
By vertue of the ſpirit of power,
In him all joyes doe finde;
And ſeeing this reſolved is,
For ever in his minde,

Upon him wholly for to ſpend
His life, and his delight,
And in thoſe pleaſures to rejoyce,
As armies of his might.
This is his life, herein he joyes,
Here is his hearts deſire.
Here doth he find beauties comb'in'd,
Moſt purely and entire.
This being ſo, now doth he thinke,
How he his name may raiſe,
And ſo together with his Sonne,
Get an eternall praiſe,
That him he might ſet forth to all,
He ſends him in diſguiſe,
And vailes his glory with our fleſh,
The world againe to riſe.
Herein is Wiſdomes chiefeſt part,
Declared and made knowne,
That ſo the counſels of the world,
Might quite be overthrowne.
Who would have thought the Sonne of God,
A mortall death muſt die,
And by his deadly death us bring,
To Immortality.
How many troupes of enemies flocke
Againſt him for to warre,
And in the combat him to foyle
by many a cruell ſcarre?
But in this battell who was ſlaine?
Was't he, or was't his foes,
If he, it was to riſe againe
To bring them freſher woes,

The prince of darkneſſe, Captaine was
The chiefeſt in this fight,
Who from his nature hath his name,
His workes are blacke as night.
With him comes ſinne, comes death, comes loſſe,
Their force they doe unite,
That ſo their blowes and darts on him,
Together at once might light.
Now, now, or never ſaith this Prince,
I muſt me conqueſt bring,
Or elſe a captive I muſt be
Under this mighty King.
This fight was ſore to fleſhly view,
All might have thought the day,
It had beene loſt, and we been caught
In hels hands for a prey,
But when all fleſhly ſtrength did faile,
Then was the chiefeſt time,
For righteouſneſſe to ſhew it ſelfe,
Moſt glorious and ſublime.
The glory of the God-head great,
Upon this Chriſt our King,
Did reſt, and eke it ſelfe diſplay,
And there in triumph ſing,
There truth and mercy met at once,
Each ſtrove to get the day,
But being reconcil'd at length
To other each did ſay,
We'll joyne our ſweetneſſe and our might
And goe with glorious traine,
That ſo we may revive and bleſſe
Thoſe that were counted ſlaine.

How mighty did the Godhead flow,
about our Saviour sweet,
And by it did present himselfe,
a sacrifice most meet.
For great Jehovah to delight,
and please himselfe withall,
When he beholds his souldiers stout,
led bondage into thrall.
These souldiers are his Attributes,
each glorious for to see,
Well furnish'd both with skill and strength,
to make his enemies flee.
Where's death become with all his powers,
and principalities?
'Tis gone to hell, and hath it's doome
with darknesse and with lies.
The Prince of Hell is now adjudg'd
in chaines of wrath to lie,
And by these chaines perplexed sore,
throughout Eternity.
Who was it girt himselfe with zeale,
or who with fury came,
To tread the Wine-presse of Gods wrath,
and so to get a name.
What power was that which conquer'd sinne,
whose Wisedome made it sway,
Or can you tell where those joyes are,
which hath skar'd griefe away?
Hee's call'd by name Emanuell,
and well he may so be:
In that he left his royall Throne,
to dwell with me and thee.

The world it was a place whereas
his glory he might ſhow,
And yet though glory did appeare,
few men of it did know.
The humane nature was a vaile,
which kept light from our eyes,
And yet that was the ordinance,
by which our bliſſe did riſe.
Here was the wonder of a God,
a thing ſo meane and low,
Should bring to paſſe ſuch mighty things,
and all his Counſell ſhow.
Here's wiſdome in a myſtery,
and power uncontrol'd,
The Fountaines deepe, and ſundry Springs
of life you may behold,
For by his death to God we are
reſtored backe again,
And now our enemies wear our bands,
and vext are with our paine.
What pangs, what woe's, what miſeries,
muſt they be ſure to have?
Now death is dead, and guilt is fled,
and griefe lies in his grave.
Where's darkneſſe now become that cloath'd
it ſelfe with blackneſſe hue,
Can it out-brave the light of life,
and it's bright beames eſchew?
If ſo, ſtand forth you helliſh powers,
where are your ſpels to charme?
Or ſhew ſome nurcery that is new,
to bring unlook't for harme.

What is your wit quite loſt at once,
can none take us away,
Out of the hands of him whom we
doe count our ſtrength and ſtay?
If by his death ſo great a loſſe,
his enemie doth endure.
His life muſt be a greater croſſe,
and they muſt beare it ſure,
His Saints are ſet at liberty,
as men from death ſet free.
Their joyes before them faſt doe ſtand,
and in theſe joyes they ſee
Their Saviour compaſt with the ſtrength
and height of fulleſt bliſſe.
The Father with his glory bright,
with many ſmiles him kiſſe.
And thus he ſaith, my ſonne, I lay
the charge upon thy hand.
The ſubſtance of the Godhead great,
is thine for to command.
I know no joy, no reſt, no peace,
but what I have in thee.
I am thy ſtrength, thou art my might,
by thee I looke to ſee
The glory of my beauties faire,
abroad the world to ſpeake,
And ſo to cauſe things high and ſtrong,
to be eſteemed weake.
All fleſh muſt fall before thy face,
though ſeemingly 'tis gay.
Yet when thy glory doth ariſe,
it's beauty fals away.

My treasure all 'its in thy breast,
the incombs of my praise
Returnes, according to the power
and wisedome of thy wayes.
The honour that the Father hath,
'tis gained by the Sonne.
The Spirit worketh all in all,
and so their praise is one.
The childrens life is hid in him,
this life is all things sweet,
Concentred in his breast, the which
makes him a Saviour meet.
There's light most full, there's truth most strong,
and glory as a flame,
And holinesse amongst the rest,
shewes forth his mighty name.
The Image of the Fathers face,
in him is seene most bright.
And whosoever doth it see,
lives in the cleerest light.
By it they come to understand
the Father and the Sonne.
All that they have, all that they are,
to be entirely one.
The life the which each other lives,
is in the selfe-same good.
The Father is all beauties rare,
the Sonne this understood.
He dwelleth in his bosome sweet,
and knoweth well his minde.
Hee's call'd by name his Counsellor
and by him he doth finde,

How

How Wisdomes glory may be seene,
in things that are obscure;
And when he hath no footsteps seene,
then are his wayes full sure.
This glorious mystery is so high,
there is none can it finde,
If any of it knoweth ought,
'tis he saith I am blinde.
It's more then sixteene hundred yeares,
when first it had a tongue.
And though so long it hath remain'd,
it still is fresh and young.
The age hereof Eternity,
it doth make knowne, and wee
Shall then by light taste and feele life,
when Conquerors we shall be.
Who shall declare the Fathers minde,
unlesse it be the Sonne,
And when men come to know the same,
by it their hearts are wonne,
To dwell where grace and love doth meet,
and so to finde a rest,
Even in his bosome where they know
they are secure and blest.
There are they fill'd with all delights
their Cup doth overflow,
Their comforts never die nor flie,
but flourish still and grow.
Though they like to *Leviathan*,
could drinke up Rivers wide,
Yet doth these vast eternall deepes
in their full strength abide.

There are they ever measuring out
these everlasting measures,
And by their labour they doe finde,
new Springs of living pleasures,
The world and all it's joyes are lost,
when they in him are found,
They see all Shadowes fly away,
their rest is true and sound.
Was ever any taken up,
into his bosome sweet,
And did not finde Loves glorious face,
with smiles him kisse and greet,
Nor ever lay there any space
but had their face with glory
Most richly deckt, and in their hearts
there written was a story
Of things most rich, most high, most pure,
mysterious, and unknowne,
The world it cannot understand,
becausе they love their owne.
The spirit doth transforme and mould
into the image bright,
Both of the Father and the Son
by both their pow'r and light.
All these which are by glorious beames
drawne up into the Son
Lives in the midst of lasting light,
where life doth purely run
More clear than any chrystall stream,
more strong than any tide,
The sweetnesse of this water pure,
invites men to abide,

Where they may drink and be refresht,
and in themselves may know,
This fountain runs their springs doth rise,
and plentifully flow.
The truth of all is surely this,
that *Iesus* now is set
And made a Prince of high degree,
to shew Gods glory great:
The Father trusts him with his stock
and fulnesse of his store,
He hath the rule of all he hath,
he hath not any more,
This *Iesus* is our brother dear,
he hath our portions sure,
Hee's true, hee's wise, hee's strong withall,
in him they are secure:
He like a nurse doth cherish us,
by drops as we can bear,
And when we come to greater strength,
then greater is our share:
From him we suck, in him we grow,
into his armes we flee,
There are we compast with all joyes,
and in these joyes we see
Our names, our natures, and our life,
most clear, most pure, and bright.
The truth and glory of all we are,
even by the spirit of light;
This spirit searcheth deep into
things that very high.
The length and breadth of glorious store,
it hath before its eye.

That

That ſearcheth out the utmoſt drop
which in the Ocean dwels:
And by its mighty force and power
all noyſome things expels,
This ſpirit like a Dove moſt ſwift
from Paradice doth flie.
And from our Saviour brings us newes
of matters ſweet and high,
Whereby we come to underſtand
God will not live alone,
He dwels with Chriſt, and Chriſt in us,
and ſo we dwell in one,
O this is that which fils our hearts
with ſinging and with praiſe,
That what he is, that we ſhall be
to 'ternity of dayes.
Let each Saint think all that they have
it commeth from the Son,
Their glory and their flouriſhing ſtate
comes by his arme alone.
None can ſee God in *Ieſus Chriſt*
but muſt be forc'd to yeeld,
And lay all armes downe at his feet,
and ſay he hath the field.
Can any ſtand againſt that thing
which is moſt fair and gay,
And hath the power of lovelineſſe
to win the heart away?
From lies, from falſhoods, and from dreams,
from many deaths and ſhowers,
And from the hands of iron bands,
and from all dolefull houres.

Then do not fear you Saints moſt dear
if that you know the Son
You do the Fathers face, and love
both ſee and eke are won
To dwell, to ſtay, to reſt, to ſing,
in him, and to his praiſe,
And eke to ſacrifice your ſelves,
unto his fame alwayes.
When others ſpend their time in vain,
and fill themſelves with fire,
The which is call'd the wrath of God
that hot conſuming ire.
They know not God nor yet his Son,
where all content doth lie,
And therefore are they bound in chaines
of woe and miſery.
You Saints weep ore the world that's loſt,
they know not where they go.
Though they be blinde you know right well
the ground of all their woe.
Oh do not let eternall flames
for ever men deſtroy:
Becauſe like fools a moments time
they will vain thoughts enjoy.
Shew them our Saviour where he ſits
that ſo they may ariſe,
And finde much wealth and reſt in him,
and ſo vain wayes deſpiſe.
But if the world will not you hear,
yet ſtill run you your race,
You ſhall at laſt both get a crowne
and live in glorious grace.

Above the world, all cares, all fears
which vext you with their wiles,
Your toyl's now done, your joyes begun,
you are where nought defiles.

A short song of Love.

LOve is the flame that Princes have
still kindling in their breast,
No man can live but he must love,
or else be void of rest.
The rise, the stocke, the root it hath
doth spring from something good;
All its desires are as flaming fires
when this is understood,
As rivers run over all the world,
their noise with fame doth ring,
And hastenеth ever to returne
where first they had their spring,
And when the Ocean drinks them in,
they quiet are again:
And in their kinde they live as if
they freed were from pain:
So love it runs with streams most strong
over hils and mountains all,
It will not fear what force is nere,
it overrunneth all.
And in the fountain of all blis,
it sets it selfe most sure,
Rejoycing in those mighty waves,
on which it rides secure:

'Tis lovelines that love will owne
to be a fellow meet
In it to reſt, that to imbrace
with ſmiles and kiſſes ſweet,
Loves labour, pain, and all it hath
is ever how to pleaſe
The object; and in doing this
To give it ſelfe moſt eaſe;
'Tis ever burning, never conſum'd,
and ſoaring very high;
By flames of glory it doth live
in full proſperity:
Stand forth all powers that can be thought,
ſee if you can it ſever
From truth, from beauty, and from ſtrength
where it will dwell for ever.
This love is kinde, and bountifull,
and freely will beſtow
All that it hath it ſelfe to boot,
that ſo it ſelfe may grow
More lovely, fair, and excellent
ſtill in the objects eye.
If that is pleaſed, it is at eaſe,
and feels no miſerie.
Who knowes how firſt it had its riſe?
Who gave to it its name?
If any did, it muſt be one
that knew its worth and fame.
It's God that ſaith his Name is Love,
and well may he ſo be.
Becauſe in him all glories are
met in an unity.

Light life and love is one in him,
they all grow up together.
Though knowne to us by ſeverall names,
they each accord with either.
He knowes all beauties in him are,
his life is this to ſee.
Then needs muſt love triumph and joy,
which makes this harmony,
Love walks in every piece of joy,
where ever it doth finde,
It will needs reſt in glories breaſt,
and there contents its minde.
What mortall man can have this love
to lie within his breaſt,
But muſt withall ſee lovelineſſe
in which he takes his reſt;
And whereſoever this appeares,
he growes up in deſire:
In this he thinke himſelfe moſt bleſt,
and followes it intire.
But man is blinde, how little he
of holineſſe doth know.
Truth's weakly planted in his heart,
and ſlowly it doth grow;
And hence it comes to paſſe that we
live in ſuch low deſires:
The earth like to a mountain thicke
doth hide theſe heavenly fires.
If you would have your heart a ſpring,
a fountain, and a well,
And have the mighty waves of love
above their banks to ſwell.

If you would ever ſearching be
into the trueſt treaſure,
And finde where love had firſt a ſeat,
and face of ſweereſt pleaſure.
If ever you would lovely be,
though in the Saints eſteem.
And judge of all things true and right,
how ever men do deem,
Then muſt you know that all things good
doth from the fountain come,
And tides of love will flow amain
and make a ſpacious room
Within thy heart, and thou ſhalt ſee,
all that thine heart can wiſh.
Love live, ſin die, life reigne, death flie,
what joy is like to this?
Make haſte ye Saints, O do not ſtay,
where nought can you ſecure.
Fly to the armes of lovely love,
where joyes are clear and pure.

FINIS.

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